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HELP WAS URGENTLY NEEDED

Darkey Evidently Had Troubles of His Own With That "Possum" His Partner Shook Down.

Two negroes, Salvation Jones and King Agrippa Johnson, living near the Dismal swamp went 'possum hunting one dark night. A warm trail was struck, and the dogs soon "treed." Salvation, being the better climber, volunteered to go up and shake down the 'possum, whereupon King Agrippa made ready to catch it in the sack they took along for that purpose.

Instead of an opossum, the dogs had treed a wildcat. As Salvation made his way to the topmost branches the animal retreated still farther out on the overhanging limbs, and emitted an angry snarl.

"Huh? How's dat?" exclaimed Salvation. "Never heard no 'Possum talk lak dat befo'!"

"Go on, Salvation. Yo' ain't heern nothin' but de dogs. Shake him loose! Ise waitin'," urged King Agrippa.

Climbing a little farther out, Salvation gave the limb a mighty shake and dislodged the wildcat. Suddenly a chorus of yells, howls, screeches and cuss words broke loose from below.

"Hey, dar, King Agrippa!" anxiously called down Salvation. "Yo' want me ter come down an' help yo' hol' him?" "Naw, suh," yelled Agrippa. "Ah wants yo' tuh come down an' help me ter tu'n him-aloose!"—Judge.

STRANGE MONSTER IN AFRICA

English Scientist Tells of Creature Which He Thinks May Have Been Giant Python.

F. C. Cornell, Fellow of the Royal Geographical society, who recently returned to England after spending twenty years in practically unknown parts of South Africa, is author of a story about an unknown monster that had been seen near the Great falls of the Orange river. It has a huge head and a neck ten feet long like a bending tree. It seizes the native cattle and drags them under water. The natives call it "Kyma," or the Great Thing. Last May Mr. Cornell, accompanied by two white companions, W. H. Brown and N. B. Way of Capetown, and three Hottentots, went to the junction of the Oub and Orange rivers to see the monster if possible. He writes: "At the cries of the natives, I saw something black, huge, and sinuous swimming rapidly against the current in the swirling rapids. The monster kept its enormous body under water, but the neck was plainly visible. The monster may have been a very gigantic python, but if it was it was of an incredible size. This reptile may have lived for hundreds of years. Pythons approaching it in size have been said to have lived that long."

Last Feeling of Satisfaction.

Postmaster Chance told the Kiwanis club last week how he took an examination to get his first promotion in government service.

He entered as a messenger. One day he happened to look into a room and saw about thirty people bending over tables.

"What are they doing?" he asked. "They are taking an examination for promotion," he was told. "Don't you want to try?"

If they were trying to play a joke on M. O. Chance of Illinois he called their bluff.

He went in, took the examination and later was told that he was the only one promoted.

"I tell you, I felt pretty proud," declared Postmaster Chance, recalling the time, "until they told me that the others had taken the examination for promotion to \$1,000 and that I had been the only one to take the examination for promotion to \$1,000."—Washington Star.

Eddie Knew!

Eddie is a high school freshe. He is enthusiastic over sports, and, with his father, has witnessed practically all of the wrestling matches held recently in Indianapolis. His teacher had urged the pupils to attend at least one of the Shakespearean plays scheduled at a local theater, and finally asked whether any of the pupils had ever seen Robert Mantell.

"Yes," put in Eddie without a moment's hesitation, as he recalled the name of Al Mantell, a noted wrestler. "I saw him wrestle Jack Reynolds."

The saw was good for a big laugh at his expense.—Indianapolis News.

Stung But Rewarded.

Patrons of a Long Island telephone line complained of a buzzing on the wires and a trouble hunter was sent out to locate the difficulty. He located it and he did something else, for he found that a swarm of bees had made a hive in the connection box on a telephone pole. The trouble hunter worked for hours and finally routed the bees with a fire extinguisher. He was badly stung, but he was rewarded by ten pounds of honey.

Tillie's Sailor-Sweetheart

By WINIFRED DUNBAR

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The Rochester foundered many years ago off the Maine shore. She was an old slave, put, since the war, to the happier task of running cargoes between Portland and Boston and other seaports along the Atlantic coast. Jim Purvis was the son of the Aquamuskat banker, and he was put under the care of the skipper because he was wild. His father thought a taste of seafaring life might cure him.

Perhaps it would have done so had not the Rochester gone to pieces in an Atlantic gale. All that was ever found of her was a piece of timber with the name on it, and an empty water keg.

Tillie Bent had to break the news to Millicent Ives. The dead man's father dared not do it. Millicent was Jim's sweetheart and they were to have been married that fall, if Jim were cured of his propensity to roam. Millicent was a cold and rather heartless girl, but the old banker, who had made the match, thought her the acme of all that a woman should be.

Tillie was only the maid. She had gone to school with Millicent, but when her father died and the little farm was sold there was no way in which she could earn a livelihood except by service. She was a simple country girl.

When Tillie broke the news Millicent wept and lost her appetite for nearly a week. Gradually she became reconciled. Within a month she was busy breaking the hearts of the young men of Aquamuskat.

Tillie was the only person that had ever loved Jim or understood him. And on the evening before Jim's departure he had come to her and put his arms around her.

"Tillie," he said, "I'm going away, and I want to tell you I love you and always shall. And when I come back it's you I'm going to marry and not Millicent, Tillie," he said.

That was all that passed between them. But when she had broken the news Tillie went up to her room and cried bitterly. Then she went about her task as bravely as before.

Seven years passed. Millicent had been married five of them. She and her husband quarreled bitterly most of their lives. Sometimes she thought regretfully of Jim.

Tillie was employed in the new post office. Often she would stroll along the beach and watch the pounding breakers, look at the distant ships and wonder whether they, too, carried boys like Jim aboard, who had left their sweethearts behind them.

That Jim was still alive she had no notion, until the shock came. It came in the person of Millicent, white as a ghost, and trembling. She entered Tillie's cottage late in the evening.

"Tillie!" she cried. "Jim's alive!"

Tillie pressed her hand to her throat, but she betrayed no emotion. For Jim's sake she must never let Millicent know.

"A letter came for me. Didn't you recognize the hand? Jim was picked up by a liner and has been a sailor all these years. He has risen to be a captain. He has a fine ship, and it has put in at Portland and he's coming home tomorrow to claim me. Tillie, you must break the news."

Tillie was expert at that.

"I love Jim," Millicent babbled on. "I'm going to get a divorce and marry him. He is going to meet me on the sands at four. You must be there instead."

"Yes," answered Tillie.

At four o'clock she was pacing the shore in dumb, helpless misery. Tillie cried a little, and then she grew very brave, for somebody was coming toward her from the cliff.

But this tall, bearded man, this was not Jim. She stared incredulously. This was not Jim.

"Tillie!"

He had taken her by the hands and was staring at her incredulously.

"Tillie! I never dreamed that you would be here. When I heard Millicent was married I felt like a free man the first time in years. I had to be honorable and I couldn't come home."

"You love me, Jim?"

"I have always loved you, Tillie, and now I am going to marry you."

"P. Millicent loves you, Jim. She feels that marriage was all a mistake. She wants to get a divorce and marry you."

"Cooking very grimly at her."

"Do a thing—can you think I want that kind of woman for my wife, Tillie, when it's you—you?"

Tillie couldn't answer that conundrum, so she let Jim kiss her.

There is an opinion that if Uncle Sam wants what the foreign countries owe him he should employ the fellow who makes the monthly calls for the installment encyclopedia.



BEN. ED. DOANE PASSED ON.

On Thursday June 8, 1922, Benjamin Edmonston Doane, Editor and publisher of the Jasper Courier since July of 1904 passed away. He had been sick for several weeks but did not give up until the last. He was buried in Fairview Cemetery on Sunday the 11th of June at 4 P.M. Rev. Reeder of the Presbyterian church at Jasper administering the burial rites.

He died as he lived, the editorial heading on which he prided himself and which always appeared under the newspaper's name, fair, frank, fearless and free, best expressing how he felt a man should live.

Benjamin Edmonston Doane, the oldest child of Clement Doane and Rachael Doane, was born on Sept. 9, 1860. Departed June 8, 1922. Born and reared in Jasper, Indiana. After education in the common schools at Jasper he worked in the Courier office for his father until he had mastered the trade. He then left Jasper in search of work, pleasure and adventure as youth will do and visited all parts of the United States working as he said in every state and territory in his native land and in addition went to Canada, Mexico, Cuba, England, France and Germany.

To those who knew him best he could relate incidents in connection with his travels that never ceased to interest.

At one time he enlisted in the service of the U. S. Army in the cavalry and saw active service in connection with quelling Indian uprisings who at that date were constantly causing our Government trouble. He was honorably discharged from service and valued his discharge very highly. His career in the army in the parlance of this day was hard boiled and was reflected throughout the balance of his life.

Upon returning to his home town at one time in his life he obtained a teacher's license and was given a school whose patrons and pupils were particularly unruly.

Proving more than a match for his adversaries they burned the school house thus ending his teaching career which was not again resumed.

During the term of Congressman Cobb of Southern Indiana Ben was clerk of the House of Representatives at Washington, D. C., and in this capacity became acquainted with nearly all of the politically great of his time.

Changes in political complexion of the country let him out and he thought that law and politics would suit him but studying for a while at a college in Virginia he gave up the idea and went back to the printer's trade. Being at that time an excellent mechanic he secured with ease good positions both as foreman and employee of many of the best press rooms and job offices in the larger cities of the United States.

At Greeley, Colorado he owned an interest in a substantial printing concern and at Ashland, Ky., was associated with a partner in a daily newspaper and large job office, but the wanderlust was strongly implanted in him and this along with some of the tough luck which came with the panic of 1893 finally left him after many vicissitudes at Ashland, Ky., in 1893 with none of this world's goods to show for many years of labor. He then came to Jasper and accepted the foremanship of the Courier which at a later period became his at the death of the owner, his father.

He continued to conduct the paper until his death, going to the office on Tuesday just previous to his death on Thursday.

Ben was married to Margaret L. Klein on June 25, 1895.

This union has been blessed with five children, one of whom, Noble, the first born is dead. The other four, Rachael, Delia, George and Bertram and the mother survive and at present are engaged in teaching and professional service at Jasper or elsewhere.

Versatile and fluent with a retentive memory he could, when occasion demanded, write with force. Unfortunately like his father in having bad hearing he gradually came to live unto himself which eventually put him out of touch with his fellow man. To this can be attributed many of the traits which were regarded as faults.

Very grateful himself he could not condone ungratefulness and a hurt to his feelings was never forgotten.

He was more than proud of his family and lived in hopes that they might succeed where he failed.

At the time of death he was not affiliated with any church or society but during his life he had belonged to the Masons, the Odd Fellows and the Ben Hur lodges.

Let us publish his virtues, condone his faults, and write his errors in the light of the politically great of his time.

TASTE FOR GOOD MUSIC

People listen to good music with appreciation and enjoyment as never before. The charge that modern taste runs to "jazz" and barbaric melodies is akin to the statement that good books are not read as they once were. Since books and music are to be found everywhere nowadays, there is, naturally, an increased market for stories and musical numbers "of the baser sort," as well as those of high class.

The phonograph has introduced the greatest singers of the age and the finest compositions of all time to communities and homes where they would never otherwise have been heard. Tastes for such music have been created and cultivated. And now the radiophone promises to make the best concert music available to "listeners in" all over the country. The public of today has not only appetite for good music, but a capacity to appreciate the many different kinds of good music, the cosmopolitan taste, which enables an audience to sit down to a musical banquet and enjoy every course.

About the only occasions when a man's or a woman's full name is deemed interesting or essential are on income-tax blanks, insurance policies and other legal documents. The collector of internal revenue insists on your printing out the name. The insurance solicitor asks you to spell your name carefully and so endorses it on the face of the policy, and in all subsequent premium notices the name is usually misspelled. But even to the collector of internal revenue and the premium cashier you are much more vividly present as Serial 789065, or as Policy Number 5,432,657. And in any case the name is not for publication. Thus it appears that the principal use of a person's name is to be filed away in some steel cabinet where it may be glanced at perhaps twice a year.

Do boys and girls study better in mixed or in segregated classes? Are the boys inspired by the presence of the girls to do better work that they may the better shine in the fair one's eyes? Or are the girls distracted by the boys and do poorer work? All pet theories on the subject fall by the wayside in the face of the actual facts, as demonstrated in a period of seven years at Northwestern high school in Detroit. According to John E. Porter, house principal at the school, writing in the Detroit Educational Journal, the boys do slightly better under the system of segregated classes and the girls do considerably worse. However—and here is ammunition for the feminists—under either system the scholarship of the girls is superior.

A tiny fishing village in France may be expected to put on the airs of a select watering resort before long, for 30 out of the 50 inhabitants have just come into a heritage representing 175,000,000 francs. The money comes from an uncle in America. While some few of the suddenly rich fishermen will undoubtedly leave the little village and spend their wealth elsewhere, it is easy to believe that the older people will stay where they are, fishing as usual and not letting the money make too great a difference in their lives. Habit and tradition are strong in these people, and they are happiest doing that which they can do best.

Lloyd's insurance wizards of London are betting 19 to 1 against war breaking out this year between our country and Japan. Many will be amazed that there is even one chance in 20 of such a war. The odds, however, are decidedly in favor of peace, comfortably so. With democracy spreading through the Orient, another generation may find the betting 19,000 to 1 against. War will be exterminated some day. Time was when visionary moralists despaired of ever ridding the world of cannibalism and dueling.

The women who are protesting against the omission of "obey" from the marriage promise have been quick to see how the change would rob engaged girls of their best chance to assert a little prenuptial authority in managing the omission for themselves.

Owing to the heavy decline in the value of Portuguese money sardines are being extensively used as a medium of exchange in Lisbon. It must seem odd to do one's banking at the delicatessen shop.

Turkey is flirting with the soviet plan of government, a sure sign that the Turks are not leaving any stone unturned in their efforts to keep in bad with the rest of the world.



PHOEBE BIRDS

"I do not believe in making it hard for people to become acquainted," said Mrs. Phoebe Bird. "There are some creatures who don't care to let folks know who they are, but not the Phoebe Birds."

"Certainly not the Phoebe Birds," agreed Mr. Phoebe Bird.

"We let everyone know who we are, and we let them know our name."

"They can see, if they see us at all," chirped Mrs. Phoebe Bird, "that we are gray with a grayish white front and with touches of gray white to our wings."

"But even if they saw us they might not be quite sure which family of birds we belonged to because of the number of bird families there are."

"And so to make sure that they know us we call out:

"Phoebe, Phoe-be," over and over again."

"We do that instead of calling out a 'Hello' or anything like that. It is our way of making friends with the people."

"We feel that they might be confused with the names of the different birds, so many of them are so much alike in size and in color."

"So we make it easy for them to know us by saying our family name over and over again."

"It is our song, our little chirpy bit of melody. We have our own way of pronouncing our name. We say the first part more quietly than the last part. We jerk out the last part and say the 'be' very much more loudly than the 'phoe'."

"We jerk our tails, too, for we're fond of jerking! We jerk out our names and our tails and we jerk about as we sit on the branches waiting for insects and bugs to pass our way."

"They usually pass our way, and it is a nice way of doing the marketing if one isn't very anxious to do a lot."

"The market just passes by, which makes it very convenient, very convenient indeed!"

"Ah, dear Mr. Phoebe, isn't our old home lovely?"

"Yes," said Mr. Phoebe, "it is such a cozy home. The mud is so cool and pleasant and the moss is so soft and homey looking."

"I am glad that we kept our old nest," Mr. Phoebe continued. "I had had some thoughts that we might build a new one."

"I know you had," said Mrs. Phoebe, "and next year perhaps we will. But I felt this old nest would do with a little extra work we might do in fixing it up."

"It was such a lovely old nest and this old bridge is such a pleasant neighborhood."

"The people in the house nearby are fond of us, and they know us for when we say, 'Phoe-be, Phoe-be,' they say it after us, which lets us know that they know us."

"I don't believe I'd ever want to live in another place besides this bridge. It is such a nice bridge and the brooklet is so cool and refreshing. It's all a part of this big house, I believe."

"Well," said Mr. Phoebe, "I don't suppose one would say that the bridge and the brook were a part of the house but they all are a part of the place which belongs to the house."

"We like to come back to the same old place year after year. We don't change our min's all the time. If we like a place we're pleased. Even though we seem so restless and jerk our tails and jerk out our little songs we are faithful to the places we care for, even to an old nest many times!"

"And you always care for your little mate," said Mrs. Phoebe. "How many years is it since you asked me to be Mrs. Phoebe?" she asked.

"I don't exactly remember," said Mr. Phoebe, "but I know this much—that the years haven't been nearly long enough and that I hope we'll have lots more together, for you are the dearest little Phoebe in the whole bird world."

"And so are you," said Mrs. Phoebe softly.

"Phoe-be, Phoe-be, Phoe-be," they both sang happily.

The Young Genius.

Mother—Willie, how is it that no matter how quiet and peaceful things are, as soon as you appear on the scene trouble begins?

Willie—I guess it's just a gift, mother.—Life.

Transposition.

Nemo, omen, nome.